

## Isekai AU

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# Isekai AU

by [SilverWing15](#)

## Summary

The door creaks open, revealing him.

He braces, waiting. He knows that the king will be furious, especially since Tommy saw him like this. He waits for the ice cold fury for the--

“Uh...hey mate,” the king says.

What?

Tommy’s mouth literally falls open as he stares at the king. He’s trying to--apparently--subtly adjust his hair and robes to something more dignified, but he’s not glaring, not even staring coldly. He’s smiling, a hollow, polite smile. But he’s smiling.

At Tommy.

“I--father? Are you--” Tommy’s mind catches up with his mouth far too late but he’s just so confused. “Are you alright?”

The king’s eyes nearly bug out of his head. He mouths something to himself that looks almost like he’s repeating the word *father??*

“Of course, yeah, everything is fine. Great. Sorry for not checking in--” the king mutters something so low Tommy nearly doesn’t catch it. What he does catch must be wrong because it sounds as though the king says *“I was busy not knowing you existed.”*

OR: Tommy's family has started acting very strangely all of a sudden.

## Notes

Isekai AU! I've actually been working on several longer projects lately, this is the shortest of them, the others are still in the works but keep an eye out. This is 14k words, the next one I'm nearly finished with is already at 20k

((Okay I hate to ask this because it doesn't *\*really\** matter but I have been stuck at like 50 subs away from my next sub milestone for MONTHS and it is lowkey driving me a little bit insane. I get that the fandom is older now and shit or whatever but like. Pls. Again, it doesn't really matter, because it is simply Number that No One Else Can Even See but its been like

six months of waffling over 50 ppl so if you \*want\* to subscribe to my acct. then feel free, but don't feel obligated))

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## A day of oddities

Tommy knows he shouldn't bother the king. He knows that he's been sent away for a reason, even if he doesn't know what that reason is, its better to simply obey. But its been *days*.

Usually by now the king at least requires Tommy to attend dinner. Despite the state of their relationship, it wouldn't do to appear anything but a unified front to the court. The royal family must be strong, there can be no weakness. None visible, at least.

But its been nearly a week and Tommy hasn't heart a single word.

He should stay away, wait until the king's temper has cooled, but--

But he's outside of the king's study regardless, making yet another mistake. He isn't a fool, he doesn't knock yet, he *certainly* doesn't barge in uninvited. He presses his ear to the door and he hears--

*"...the fuck am I supposed to do with this?...don't even know where the goddamn Kinko Kingdom is..."*

Its...his the king's voice, there's no mistaking that, Tommy knows the sound of the king's frustration, the king's anger but--

Tommy doesn't think he's *ever* heard the king deign to utter the word "fucking." It's shockingly crass to hear in this parody of the king's usual cold voice. There's no ice in the tone Tommy hears beyond the door only complete and utter baffled frustration.

Tommy is...pretty sure that's the king's voice?

He dares to kneel down, pressing his eye to the keyhole. His jaw clenches, the king is known to stab a blade through the keyhole if he suspects that someone is doing something like this, and Tommy doesn't want to lose an eye, but--

Well. The king doesn't look like he's going to be doing much stabbing right now. Its definitely him in there, but he's--

His hair is disheveled-- *disheveled!*-- his robes are as well, he looks--he looks *human*, instead of like a statue painted so exquisitely as to seem alive. He's got his hands clenched in his hair, staring down at a pile of papers on his desk in open dismay.

Tommy has never, *never*, seen the king look like this. He didn't know the king's face was *capable* of emoting that much. He can't look away. Its like the stable fire a few years ago. Hypnotizing in its destruction, something familiar rendered unknown by a force beyond his control.

Tommy's shoulder brushes against the door and the wood creaks.

His heart stops.

The king jerks up, looking around the office like a child caught trying to sneak a pie from a windowsill. “Who’s--” he cuts himself off, clears his throat and then his voice is more sure. “Who goes there?”

Tommy swallows.

Slowly, reluctantly, he stands. As strangely as the king is acting, he knows better than to try and run. He opens the door.

It creaks open, revealing him.

He braces, waiting. He knows that the king will be furious, especially since Tommy saw him like *this*. He waits for the ice cold fury for the--

“Uh...hey mate,” the king says.

*What?*

Tommy’s mouth literally falls open as he stares at the king. He’s trying to--apparently--subtly adjust his hair and robes to something more dignified, but he’s not glaring, not even staring coldly. He’s *smiling*, a hollow, polite smile. But he’s *smiling*.

At *Tommy*.

“I--father? Are you--” Tommy’s mind catches up with his mouth far too late but he’s just so *confused*. “Are you alright?”

The king’s eyes nearly bug out of his head. He mouths something to himself that looks *almost* like he’s repeating the word *father??*

“No! Yeah! Yeah, um, ha! I’m great, kiddo. Don’t worry about me. Your old man’s just uh...trying to reorganize. You know how it is. How are you?”

There is--there is *so much* that Tommy doesn’t understand about the words that just came out of the king’s mouth. He doesn’t even know where to *begin*.

Reorganizing?? Tommy once moved a paper a *hairsbreadth* out of place when he was six and he was cuffed soundly up the head and sent to bed without dinner for a *week*.

“*Order, boy,*” the king had said, his voice like ice, his face like stone. “*Order is all that keeps the Empire from crumbling around us, never be so callous with it again.*”

But now he’s *reorganizing*.

and--Tommy has *never* heard the king describe himself as *old*. Or as *Tommy’s*. And he’s *certainly* never called Tommy ‘*kiddo*’ he doesn’t--is that even a *word*?

And then, asking *Tommy* how he’s doing???

It doesn't make sense.

It doesn't *begin* to make sense but Tommy--

It isn't as though the can *question* the king.

"I'm...well. Father. Thank you for asking."

"Great!" the king practically *chirps*. "Good! I'm glad. Did you need something? How's uh...school? Going?"

Maybe Tommy is dreaming. That would make sense. This is all some strange dream, and soon he'll wake up.

He doesn't even know what 'school' *is*.

"It's going...well," he says, deciding to go along with the logic of the dream. "I didn't--I didn't need anything." He bites his lip. "I just--I hadn't heard from you in a while. I wanted to make sure everything was...well."

The king *winces*. Tommy doesn't know how his mind could even come *up* with the king making that sort of expression. He never would in reality.

"Of course, yeah, everything is fine. Great. Sorry for not checking in--" the king mutters something so low Tommy nearly doesn't catch it. What he does catch must be wrong because it sounds as though the king says "*I was busy not knowing you existed.*"

As much as the king likes to pretend Tommy doesn't exist, Tommy doesn't think he could ever manage to truly forget that he does.

"Could you actually do me a big favor?" the king asks.

The king *asks*.

Asks *Tommy*.

To do him a favor.

"I--yes sir?"

Tommy subtly pinches his arm, it hurts, but he doesn't wake up.

"Could you go get your...brothers for me? I need to have a *talk* with them."

Tommy's heart sinks. The only thing worse than the king is his elder brothers, but it isn't as though he can deny the king, dream or not. "Yes sir."

He bows and exits the king's study as swiftly as he can manage without seeming rude. That was--that was *extremely* odd.

Maybe his elder brothers will have some idea of what is going on.

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Tommy doesn't even get the chance to ask before he knows that they won't give him an answer. Not because of their usual disdain for him, but because they seem to be affected by the same-- *whatever it is* that's gotten into the king.

Tommy finds them whispering to each other in a seemingly random hall, their heads pressed together. This is odd enough, usually Wilbur and Technoblade can't *stand* each other. The only thing they've ever agreed on is that they hate Tommy *more*.

"Um," Tommy says, hovering at the end of the hall.

Wilbur and Technoblade spring apart, staring at him with wide eyes. Wilbur looks confused, as though he doesn't even *recognize* Tommy.

Technoblade does though.

Technoblade is wide eyed for a moment, and then, somehow, his eyes get wider, and then a terrible--sorrow? Guilt? Tommy can't tell--takes over his face.

"Yeah?" Wilbur asks, and oh, great. The king was saying that word as well. Tommy has no idea where they learned it from. Wilbur might be one to follow the trends of the court enough to pick up some foreign word that's very in fashion, but certainly not the king.

"The um...king wants to see you," Tommy says. "He's in his study."

He doesn't want to deal with this.

Technoblade is still staring at Tommy like he's seen a ghost.

Tommy bows to them and starts to walk away.

"Hey! Uh, just...you know, for fun," Wilbur says, "which way would someone go if they wanted to get to the king's study?"

Tommy blinks at him.

There's--there's no way that Wilbur is, for one, not sure of where the king's study is. That's *ludicrous*. And for two, there's no way he's asking *Tommy*.

But Wilbur isn't smirking, there isn't that cruel glint in his eye when he is playing a trick and he knows Tommy has no choice but to step into the trap. He looks... *nervous*.

Wilbur *never* looks nervous.

Technoblade never looks at Tommy like he's a tragedy in motion.

Yet they both are.

"I--in the west wing? Third hall?"

“Right, right, yeah, of course. Come on, Will, we’ve gotta go.” Technoblade grabs Wilbur by the arm--touching him! *Willingly!* --and drags him down the hall.

In the wrong direction.

“Um--Technoblade?” Tommy asks, cringing in on himself, but Technoblade doesn’t whip around with murder in his eyes. “The west wing is....that way?”

Technoblade promptly turns and drags Wilbur the correct way.

Tommy has--Tommy has *absolutely no clue* what is happening, and he isn’t sure he wants to know. He’s pretty sure he doesn’t, in fact.

He hopes whatever it is, his family gets back to normal soon.

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His family does not, in fact, get back to normal. If anything, their strangeness only *increases*. They behave in utterly incomprehensible ways, they *say* utterly incomprehensible things, they share strange looks between themselves, and they whisper secrets when they think no one can see them.

Tommy sees them in the garden from his window, huddled close together, Wilbur has recently gained the habit of gesturing wildly as he speaks. Tommy watches his hands flash through the air while the king and Technoblade watch him intently and he wonders what they could *possibly* be discussing.

The largest and *strangest* change is their behavior towards Tommy himself. After that morning in the king’s study, Tommy’s exile was apparently ended, and he was invited to dinner. And breakfast. And lunch.

Every day.

The meals are...strange. Quiet, tense, but not...not the way any meal Tommy took with his family used to be quiet and tense. There are no glares, no vicious jabs from Wilbur, no baleful glares from Technoblade, no stony silences from the king.

Its just...awkward.

The king continues to ask Tommy about “school,” and through context clues, Tommy manages to figure out (or at least he thinks he’s figured out) that it is something to do with his education. These questions are the only real sources of conversation around the table.

Despite the newly warmed relationship between Tommy’s brothers, and the discussions Tommy sees them all having in the garden, they are quiet at meals. Tommy does his best to stay silent and unworthy of notice, but all of them seem determined to notice him regardless.

Technoblade asks him about his interests.

*Technoblade.*



Tommy's heart skips a beat and he murmurs a platitude about focusing on his education and reading in the library. He desperately hopes that none of them have found the kitchen cat and her kittens, Technoblade especially. Tommy's gut clenches at the thought of what Technoblade would do to them.

He excuses himself as quickly as is polite and moves Henry's den and kittens to an even *more* out of the way and difficult to find alcove. Whatever this is, he hopes it is over with soon, so things can return to normal.

## Chapter 2

Tommy finds Wilbur waiting for him in the library. He must be waiting for Tommy because there is no other reason Wilbur would come here. Neither of Tommy's brothers visit the library, that is exactly why Tommy has claimed it.

Now, it would seem, that time is at an end. He should have known, he had simply been so worried about the cat that he hadn't realized that Wilbur would soon be here to snatch away Tommy's sanctuary.

Wilbur beams as Tommy comes in sight, but it's not his usual cunning grin. There is no cruelty playing at the corners of his mouth. There are secrets in his eyes, but they seem... different.

Everything about Wilbur seems different these days.

"Hey!" Wilbur says before Tommy can slip away. "I was hoping to run into you here."

Tommy swallows and braces. "Hello, brother."

A brief spasm goes through Wilbur, Tommy has no idea what to make of it, it's as though he were surprised Tommy so baldly declared their relation, surprised, but not angry. It makes no sense.

"This place is pretty cool," Wilbur says, motioning to the library as if to cover for his slip.

"Yes," Tommy agrees quietly, "I think there's a draft from the back window."

Wilbur blinks at him, face blank for a split second. "Oh, right, yeah."

There's that word again.

"I mean more it's, interesting. Neat. I can see why you like spending so much time here."

Tommy nods, mentally resigning himself to spending *no* more time in the library, if Wilbur is going to claim it as his own. It was the same way with the garden where the rest of Tommy's family now meet.

Tommy had spent his time there, until one day Wilbur had prowled out, his eyes gleaming, a smirk on his lips. He'd complimented the area, and taken it for his own. He'd never had much interest in the back garden before then, just as he'd had no interest in the library before now.

Tommy wonders if Wilbur will do this with *every* quiet place he finds. Perhaps one day Tommy will have nowhere to go but his own chambers.

Perhaps one day Wilbur will finally get what he so desires and Tommy will be barred from the palace entirely.

“I was uh, gonna see if you wanted to hang out,” Wilbur says, seeming oddly...confused, by Tommy.

Tommy is equally confused by Wilbur.

“...hang...out..?” Tommy dares to ask, bracing for Wilbur’s mockery.

“You know, spend time together,” Wilbur says.

Tommy does not, in fact, ‘know.’

Why in the name of Lady Prime would Wilbur want to spend time with *him*? Usually he would assume he was about to be subjected to some humiliation in front of Wilbur’s friends, but Tommy...hasn’t actually seen Wilbur’s usual group of friends hanging around lately.

He frowns slightly, casting his mind back.

No, he hasn’t seen hide nor hair of any of them, not since about...not since the day he’d gone to the King’s study.

Since the day his family had changed.

“It’ll be fun,” Wilbur insists, “brotherly bonding, and all. Come on, what’s the worst that could happen?”

Tommy very pointedly doesn’t answer that question. It isn’t as though he can *deny* his elder brother, however. Tommy has tried that before. Whatever Wilbur has in store for him, if Tommy tries to avoid it, he’ll only find something worse.

“Very well,” Tommy says quietly. “What do you wish to do?”

“Oh,” Wilbur says, looking almost surprised at Tommy’s easy surrender. “uhh...well...Why don’t you come to my room!” he brightens. “I’ve been trying to learn to play the harp, you can listen to me practice.”

The harp.

Wilbur is learning to play the harp.

Tommy nods and follows Wilbur, because he knows better than to try and escape but...the *harp*?

Wilbur doesn’t even *like* music! He’s had more than one minstrel’s tongue cut out because they were being too loud. There is also the matter of going to Wilbur’s chambers. He’s *never* allowed Tommy into his chambers, Tommy usually takes a very convoluted route to avoid even going near the *door* to his chambers.

The door that Wilbur is now leading them up to without a care in the world. The door that Wilbur has opened and is ushering Tommy in. Tommy hesitates for a brief second, knowing that’s all the time he can buy for himself and takes a deep breath.

He steps inside.

His shoulders hunch, he all but cowers into himself, waiting for--for--he doesn't even know!

Whatever it is, it doesn't happen.

The door creaks closed behind him and Tommy watches warily as Wilbur passes him, moving deeper into the room to sit in a wingback chair by the fire. "C'mon," he says, smiling in an oddly soft manner.

Tommy all but tiptoes his way across the room, sitting in the other chair as Wilbur pulls a harp from beside his.

"Dad got it for me," he says, "I used to--well. Uh," Wilbur coughs, like he'd nearly said something he didn't mean to but Wilbur, silver tongued Wilbur would never make so obvious a slip. It must be some trick, some trap that Tommy hasn't spotted yet. "I've been wanting to get into music."

Music. Which Wilbur hates.

Played on a harp, which the King acquired for him, even though the king hates music almost as much as Wilbur and hates frivolousness even more.

Of course.

Naturally.

"Anyway," Wilbur says, "here's Wonderwall." He laughs, like he's said something funny, and then he *does* actually play.

Not well, his fingers stumble, his grip on the harp is off and so it isn't well balanced on his lap, but he plays a tune, even if the tune is strange. Tommy isn't sure if its simply because Wilbur isn't very good, or its just a song he hasn't heard before. It isn't as though he gets much opportunity to hear songs.

Despite the amateur nature of Wilbur's playing, Tommy applauds politely. "You're very good. A natural."

Wilbur grins at him, and its--Tommy is taken aback by how open and *honest* it seems. Its a boyish sort of grin, filled with innocent joy, not one of Wilbur's carefully calculated masks.

"Its okay," Wilbur says, "you can say I suck, I know I do. I'm still learning."

Tommy pales. "No! No, I--you don't--" he was a fool, letting himself fall for yet another one of Wilbur's tricks. Well, here is the trap, right where it always is, waiting for him, and now he's trapped in Wilbur's rooms, no easy way to escape. No witnesses.

He curls into his chair, his breathing picking up as though he's run a great distance. His heart flutters behind his ribs like a trapped bird.

“Hey,” Wilbur says, his innocent mask falling away, only to be replaced with another, something feigning concern. “Tommy, what’s the matter?”

“You play very well your highness,” Tommy says, his voice shaking, all of him is shaking, so much that his teeth are nearly chattering.

Wilbur frowns and reaches for him.

Tommy whimpers and hides his face in the arm of the chair like a coward, but he can’t, he *can’t*--

“Breathe,” Wilbur says, “Tommy you have to *breathe*, please!”

Tommy drags in a rough gasp, his eyes burning with tears. Whatever Wilbur has planned will be terrible. Not painful, really, that has always been Technoblade’s area of expertise. Wilbur has always excelled in emotional hurts, social ones.

Somehow, they’re worse than anything Technoblade could do, or at least it seems that way when Tommy isn’t facing down Technoblade’s fists.

Wilbur’s hands grasp Tommy by the shoulders.

Tommy cries out and startles like a spooked horse, and like a spooked horse, Wilbur reigns him in, keeping Tommy from bolting with surprisingly a gentle grip.

“Its okay,” he murmurs, “its alright, breathe, just breathe Tommy, I know you can do it, come on. In and out, like me.” He takes one of Tommy’s hands in his own and if this were Technoblade, if Wilbur were being *normal*, Tommy would fear getting that hand *back*.

Wilbur doesn’t hurt him though, he puts Tommy’s palm against his chest. Tommy can feel his heart beating, can feel the steady motion of Wilbur’s chest rising and falling.

“Match my breathing, you can do it Toms, you’re so strong.”

Strong.

Nobody has ever called him that before, certainly not Wilbur. He calls Tommy *useless*, *worthless*, *monster*, *coward*, *sniveling worm*, he doesn’t call him *strong*, he doesn’t look at Tommy with gentle brown eyes. Doesn’t hold Tommy with gentle hands.

For a moment, Tommy can almost believe that this isn’t even his brother. Its almost easier to breathe, thinking of it that way. If Tommy closes his eyes and just *pretends* that this isn’t Wilbur, that this is some stranger who just happens to *sound* like Wilbur.

Tommy draws a deeper breath and Wilbur--not Wilbur, not right now, he can’t handle this being Wilbur right now--praises him softly and draws him closer, tucking Tommy’s face into his neck. Its achingly gentle, and terrifyingly strange at the same time.

Tommy keeps his eyes tightly shut and just *pretends*.



## Chapter 3

Tommy does his best to avoid his family after the debacle with Wilbur. He abandons the library, abandons finding anywhere to serve as his safe haven outside of his rooms. He excuses himself from as many meals as possible,

He cannot, of course, deny an invitation from the King, so he still eats a distressing number of meals with his father and elder brothers, but aside from that, he becomes a ghost.

Unfortunately he cannot refuse the invitation when one comes in the afternoon, demanding his presence in the King's office. Tommy has no choice but to obey. He's almost, *almost* relieved to receive it. Surely this will at last be the King growing tired of whatever strange game he has been playing, and now Tommy will be punished for failing to win it.

It will, no doubt, be extremely unpleasant, likely painful, but at least it will be *over*. At least now things can go back to *normal*, and Tommy will know what to do to avoid their wrath.

Only clearly, the game *isn't* over, because when Tommy presents himself to the King, he beams at Tommy with an almost manic gleam in his eye. Tommy doesn't think he has *ever* seen the King smile so broadly, so openly.

He shuffles a cowardly half step back.

"Tommy!" The King greets him with good cheer, but there is still something strained about him. "Just the person I was looking for, come on in. Come help your old man for a minute."

His old man.

This is still going on then.

It isn't less strange, but it is less..impactful. This game has been going on for a *long* time, and the King has been doing so very many strange things that this hardly seems worthy of note.

Tommy steps into the office, biting his tongue when the guard closes the door behind him. Previously, being locked in the King's office has not gone well for him, but the King is so unpredictable now Tommy has no idea what to brace for.

"So," the King says, "I was going through papers and such, and I thought it might be fun to do it together."

...*What?!*

Tommy blinks rapidly.

"Just as, you know, a sort of little test."

That, at least, sounds familiar. Or it would if the King hadn't said it so very *cheerily*. Like this is some sort of *game* that they're playing together.

"Just to make sure you know all the nitty gritty that goes into ruling. Don't worry, there's nothing wrong with making a mistake, yeah?"

"Yes--yessir," Tommy says hollowly, because this isn't something he was taught. He was the third born son, the *hated* son, he was never meant to touch the throne. When he comes of age, he will at best be shipped off to the nearest monastery to be forgotten.

"C'mon," the King says, motioning energetically for Tommy to come and stand beside him behind the great wooden desk that dominates the room. Reluctantly, Tommy obeys, it isn't as though he has another option.

"So, first question," the King says, "where exactly *is* Kinko?"

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It goes on like that, not all of the questions are so simple. The King wishes to know about trade agreements, and relationships with other nations, and Tommy answers as best he can. Despite his slips, despite the times when he must admit he doesn't know the answer, the King never gets angry with him.

His hands never rise to strike Tommy, in fact, they only lift away from the papers to---to--well, the only way Tommy can interpret it, is that the King is attempting to *reward him*.

When Tommy answers correctly, the King's hand finds its way to his shoulder, and gently squeezes. Not a tight, punishing grip, its solid, almost--almost *reassuring*.

Or it would be, if this were anyone but *the King*.

Tommy doesn't understand it.

He doesn't understand what has *happened* to the King and his brothers. They all act so *strangely* now. Just the other day, he saw with his own eyes Wilbur and Technoblade *hugging*.

Hugging!

Like they haven't been trying to kill one another since the day they learned only one of them could ascend the throne. The only thing they've *ever* agreed on is their hatred of Tommy.

Now they don't even have *that*!

Technoblade, thank Prime and all her saints, at least *avoids* Tommy. Its a strange, terrifying departure from his usual behavior of hunting Tommy down, but at least its better than what Wilbur does. Wilbur keeps *seeking him out*, to *do things*.

Not even terrible, cruel things!



Tommy gets roped into listening to Wilbur play the harp again, and going on a ride with him--and Wilbur doesn't even threaten to skin Tommy alive when he sees Wilbur fall off his horse. Yet another strange thing, because Technoblade is the only rider superior to Wilbur.

The King, of course, is--is *this*. Warm, expressive, and *gentle* when he touches Tommy. There are no icy, foreboding silences, no heavy hands, no bruises.

He's *kind*.

Its terrifying.

"How are you doing?" the King asks as they finally come to the end of this strange test. "Like, for real. I know things have probably been...odd, lately."

Tommy's heart skips a beat. "I am well your majesty," he answers hollowly.

The King smiles at him sadly, "now that, I'm sure, is a lie," he says, and his voice is so *gentle*, but his words send a thrill of utter terror into Tommy's heart.

"I would--I would never lie to you, your Majesty," Tommy chokes out, his voice and every last inch of his body trembling. "I--I--"

"Hey, hey," the King murmurs, resting his hands on Tommy's shoulders. Tommy flinches, but he doesn't dare move, doesn't even dare cry out. "Hush now, none of that, everything's alright. I'm not angry. C'mere."

And then the King.

*The King!*

Leaves his chair and goes to his knees in front of Tommy. Tommy chokes on air, gaping like a fish as the King himself puts aside his robes, his office, and kneels before Tommy, his hands gentle on his shoulders, his icy eyes so unfathomably warm that it makes tears well up in Tommy's own.

"Come on," the King murmurs, and he pulls Tommy into his chest, and his arms are wrapping around him, and his hand is running over Tommy's hair, and he's *hugging Tommy*.

Tommy's knees go out, he collapses against the King's--against --against his *father's* chest and sobs like a newborn babe.

The King doesn't shove Tommy away, doesn't lecture him about weakness and dignity, doesn't give Tommy something to *really* cry about. He holds Tommy gently and rubs a soothing circle into his back and murmurs gentle nothings into his hair.

"It's alright," he promises again and again, "I know, I know, you're doing good. You're okay, everything's okay. It's a lot, isn't it?"

Tommy sobs and nods, clinging to the King's shirt, he knows he's ruining it. He's wrinkling it, he's getting tears and snot all over it, but the King doesn't seem to *care*.

He just keeps holding Tommy, kneeling there on the floor of his office, as though it wasn't--

As though it weren't *everything* Tommy never dared to dream of.

Tommy cries himself out, there on the floor, against the King, and the King doesn't even shove him away when he's finished crying. He only pulls away to stand and sit back in his great chair.

Tommy's breath hitches, and he feels cold and abandoned there on the floor, but he knows, he *knows* that this was--this was some sort of gift, some sort of *miracle* from Prime herself and he should be glad that he got it at all.

Then the King pulls Tommy into his arms again, lifts him from the ground and cradles him in his lap. Tommy freezes, stock still like a startled deer, every muscle tense.

"It's okay," the King murmurs. "I've got you. I'm right here."

Tommy sobs dryly and buries his face back into the King's shirt. He doesn't have any more tears, but this is--this is--

He can't even begin to put it into words.

He'd never even dared to *dream* such a wild thing as this. As the King embracing him, pulling Tommy into his lap like he is cherished, *loved*.

"There you go," the King murmurs when Tommy's shoulders have finally stopped hitching and he can do nothing but lean into the King's chest and try to *breathe*. "That's better, isn't it mate?"

Tommy snuffles and nods, feeling hollow, but also far too full of emotion.

"I've got you," the King assures him. "I know you've had such a hard time, Tommy, you *never* should have gone through all that. I'm so, so *sorry*, about everything I did to you. Everything *we* did to you. It's never going to happen again, you hear me?"

He pauses and Tommy has to fight his way through the confusion, through the illogical *terror*, to nod faintly.

"Never again," the King swears, wrapping Tommy tight in his arms and pressing a kiss to the top of his head. "You're my *son*," he says, and he speaks the word as though it were a vow before Prime herself. As though it were a *challenge* to her to try and name Tommy anything else.

"You're my son," the King repeats, softer, gentler, like it's only for Tommy to hear, for Tommy to cherish. "And I love you, and I'll take care of you. Always. You're mine, and that will never change."

Tommy whines wordlessly, utterly overwhelmed by *everything* that has happened. He can't think, he can't *breathe*.

He clutches the King's shirt tightly and surrenders to the black creeping in around his vision.

\*\*\*

He wakes in a bed. Its most assuredly not *his* bed. Its far too big, big enough for five of him to lay side by side and have plenty of space. He's tucked in under thick furs and silk sheets, there are curtains pulled across from the four corners, shutting out the light.

It feels peaceful, safe. He feels like a wolf pup, tucked away in the den, waiting for his pack to return from the hunt.

He isn't, though.

He is a Prince, and he is tucked into a bed that he doesn't recognize. This isn't the healing wing, Tommy has his own cot reserved down there, though he hasn't had to use it since--

Oh.

Since his family went mad.

The King had--

*Tommy* had--

In his lap--

Crying like a babe--

Oh Lady Prime. He's going to--

He doesn't even know.

He's got to do *something* about this.

Maybe he'll finally run away, as he'd always dreamed of doing.

Belatedly, he realizes his breaths are making a rasping wheeze, and it's alerted whoever is in the room with him. He can hear their footsteps approaching the side of the bed nearest him.

The curtains are pulled away.

It's the King.

Tommy fights back a hysterical giggle. Of course it's the King! This is probably *his bed*, that some poor, soon to be dead, servant has tucked him into. Maybe Tommy will lose his head alongside them.

"Hey," the King practically *croons*. "You're awake. You really had me worried. The doc's said you'd be okay, but you just *collapsed*."

Tommy has *no idea* why there were dockworkers involved in this. He hardly has time to wonder. The King is reaching for him, gently brushing Tommy's hair out of his face, feeling his forehead, as though looking for a fever.

Perhaps all of this *is* some strange hallucination brought on by his brain frying in his skull. That might make a bit more sense.

"Breathe," the King orders, but it's such a gentle order it hardly counts as one. "Come on, you can do it." He takes Tommy's wrist into his hand and presses it against his chest, just as Wilbur had done. "Match me," he commands, again in that soft, gentle way.

Tommy doesn't dare disobey.

"Good," the King praises him, rubbing his hand up and down Tommy's arm. "You're doing great."

It's nearly enough to make Tommy stop breathing again.

It's certainly enough to knock the good sense out of his head.

"Why," he rasps, "why are you all--" he cuts off, but it's too late *now*. He's already *said it*, and there's no taking the words back out of the air.

"Oh mate," the King murmurs, pulling Tommy back to his chest, *hugging him. Again!* "I know it's confusing. I know you must be so scared. We just--" he hesitates. "We've recently had a change in perspective," he says eventually. "I know that doesn't explain much but just... trust us, if you can. We're not going to hurt you anymore. Never again. I swear it on my life."

It doesn't make *sense*.

But then, lately, nothing has.

# Whoops this is actually chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

I fucked up

## Chapter Notes

Apparently impulse posting a chapter in the middle of like five other things going on is maybe not the best idea. So THIS is actually chapter 4

TWS:

Mentioned past animal abuse/death

Mentioned past child abuse (aka OGTechno burned out a dude's eye because he was like that)

yeah we talk about OG Techno here and he was yknow. Shitty.

Tommy takes a *tremendous* risk and dares to beg off from meals for the next day. He tells the servants that he feels sick, and then nearly *is* sick from the anxiety and guilt of the lie.

The King--well, *before* he would never have let Tommy do something like this. He was to go when he was called, no matter what, and he was to comport himself with dignity *always*.

Now the King sends the court physician to check up on Tommy.

Tommy nearly asks her to check up on the King instead. Perhaps he hit his head and simply went mad? But then, Tommy's brothers would have had to take the same blow, they're just as mad as the King, these days.

As evidenced by the fact that *Wilbur comes to check on Tommy*. Tommy nearly laughs, feeling mad himself. Is Wilbur going to steal Tommy's rooms now??

Though, Tommy has no real evidence that Wilbur has taken over the library in his absence. Perhaps he hasn't gone there now that Tommy has abandoned it.

It would make sense, in the way that nothing makes sense these days.

Regardless, Wilbur is now in Tommy's rooms, sitting beside his bed, his lap, a hesitant smile on his lips because he wants to know if Tommy wants him to *play for him*. "To help you feel

better,” apparently.

Lady Prime.

Before, Wilbur would have thrown a celebration about Tommy not feeling well, and Technoblade probably would have tried to come finish him off.

Tommy meekly agrees to Wilbur’s offer, because Wilbur seems to *like* playing for Tommy-- which is madness--and Tommy likes hearing Wilbur play-- which is even *more* mad.

He’s gotten better, for a man who’d never once so much as tapped his finger to a beat, Wilbur is an apt musician. He plays strange songs, not the ones Tommy is familiar with, but they are beautiful. Sometimes Wilbur hums along, and even mouths a few words, his voice is beautiful, he would be a good singer, but Tommy doesn’t dare ask him to try.

Eventually, it becomes clear that Wilbur doesn’t intend to leave until Tommy has been healed by his music, or soothed to sleep by it. Tommy still can’t even *think* of facing the King, so he opts for the second.

He keeps still and quiet, his eyes gently shut until Wilbur’s fingers slow on the strings, slowly easing into silence. It takes all his will to keep from flinching when a gentle hand strokes the hair from his forehead.

Wilbur is quiet for an agonizingly long time, and Tommy nearly gives up the ruse, imagining Wilbur concocting some kind of terrible plan. Perhaps even getting a knife to finally slit Tommy’s throat with, or looking through his room to find something he could bring to the King. Or *planting* something in the room to show to the King.

Then Wilbur’s chair creaks, and a soft kiss is pressed to Tommy’s forehead. “Feel better, little brother.”

And Wilbur leaves.

Tommy sits up slowly in the wake of the door’s final *thud*. His hand rises to his forehead.

Did Wilbur know he was faking?

He must have.

He *must* have, because why else would he--

Tommy stares at his hands in his lap. Why would Wilbur do that if he thought Tommy wouldn’t hear it, wouldn’t feel it?

It doesn’t make sense.

\*\*\*

Tommy goes to the library. He gives up on his sickness and just goes to the library because he needs *some* kind of normalcy. He can’t *do this* anymore. All the questions, all the uncertainty,

all the *fear*; the Prime damned *waiting*--

He can't do it.

It's too much.

So he goes to the library, because the shelves of musty books, the peaceful quiet, none of that has changed in years. It was the same before Tommy was born, it will remain the same after he's died.

Technoblade is in the library.

Tommy freezes, standing between the shelves.

Technoblade is in the library, in Tommy's usual seat, tucked far back away from the door.

Technoblade is in the library, in Tommy's usual seat, a book on the table.

Tommy's cat--

The she-cat, the one who had kittens only a few weeks ago, the one he's been desperately hiding from Technoblade all the long months of her pregnancy. The one who has avoided Technoblade like he was death made manifest because he was, because he *is*.

Tommy has seen him kill cats before. All of the keep's mousers know to stay well away. The only animals Technoblade likes, the only ones he *tolerates*, really, are his hounds. The deadly, vicious things that he uses for hunting. For fighting.

Tommy has seen Technoblade set those dogs on a cat before. Heard the barking, the *screaming*--

The cats *don't go near Technoblade*.

They know he hates them, they know he is death to them.

But there the she-cat sits, her paws kneading Technoblade's leg contentedly, her eyes blinking slowly as his deadly hand trails down her back, scratches at the base of her tail, and lifts to her head to repeat the motion. He hardly seems to notice he's doing it.

He's just *reading*.

Reading and petting Tommy's cat.

Tommy's knees go weak.

He has to brace himself on the shelves, lower himself slowly, carefully so he doesn't collapse. "*Don't,*" he wants to beg, "*please don't hurt her, she has babies, she's kind, she purrs and forces herself under my chin when I cry here, alone between the shelves. She's all I have. You can't do this.*"

All that comes out is a choked sound, not even recognizable as a word.

Technoblade finally looks up.

“I--Tommy?” His eyes search over Tommy’s face, he snaps his book shut, stands. The she-cat, little Henry, who Tommy named before she got pregnant, she slinks across the stones, her paws making no sound, as if she were a ghost.

But her fur is warm when she presses into Tommy’s chest. He can hear her, purring loud enough to drown out a thunderstorm when she rises onto her hind legs and bumps the top of her head into his chin. She’s alive. She’s *okay*.

Tommy sobs and squeezes her until she meows protest. He whispers desperate apologies, pressing his face into her fur to try and hide the tears burning tracks down his cheeks.

“Tommy?” Technoblade asks again, hesitant, *near*.

Tommy looks up and flinches.

Technoblade is looming over him, crouching in arm’s reach, his brow furrowed, his hand hovering in the air between them, like he’d been about to reach for Tommy. For *Henry*.

Tommy curls around her, sheltering her. “Don’t,” he begs, he knows it won’t help, he knows it will only encourage Technoblade, but he *can’t* just let him do this. If Henry dies--the kittens are too young to go on without her. They’ll die too, and Tommy--Tommy won’t ever sleep again if he has to hear Henry screaming as she’s torn apart by Technoblade’s dogs.

“Hey,” Technoblade says, “it’s okay. Just uh. Breathe. I’m not gonna hurt you, I swear.”

It doesn’t make *sense*.

Technoblade isn’t *like this*. He doesn’t pet cats, he doesn’t promise anyone he won’t hurt them, he doesn’t look at Tommy with concern in his eyes. He doesn’t smile, awkward and uncertain and reassuring.

Tommy’s eyes slip. He meets Technoblade’s gaze.

That isn’t his brother.

Tommy doesn’t know this man. Doesn’t know who he is, where he came from, he’s *not Tommy’s brother*.

Tommy doesn’t think. He *can’t think*.

He scrambles to his feet, Henry wrapped securely in his arms and he *runs*.

He hears the man cry out behind him, but he doesn’t stop, he *can’t* stop. He runs, not to his rooms, where Wilbur might be waiting for him, not to the gardens where the servants could come and tell him the King wants his company.



He goes down into the depths of the keep. Down the stairs and past the servant's quarters. Down into the cellars, where Henry's kittens are kept. He rushes to the little box, lined with towels and scraps of soft cloth. They kittens are there. Shakily, he counts them, letting Henry out of his arms to gently press his finger to each tiny head.

One, two, three.

Three tiny little bodies. Two white and black spotted, like their mother, one ink black all over except for a tiny spot on her nose. They're here, they're alive and wiggling, mewling at him for disturbing their nap. Henry climbs into the box, nuzzling and licking them, soothing them back to sleep as she lays down, curled around them.

Alive.

All of them alive.

Tommy exhales shakily. All of him is shaky. His very heart seems to tremble in his chest. He sobs, resting his forehead on the rim of the box, a splinter is digging into his skin but he doesn't care.

It takes a long time before he's able to breathe.

It takes even longer when he realizes that he's thinking about the times the King and Wilbur have helped him calm down. Their gentle voices, their gentle hands.

Technoblade had started to do the same thing, Tommy knows it in his bones. Knows it just as well as he knows that the man in the library *wasn't Technoblade*.

He wasn't Technoblade.

He looks like Technoblade, everyone in the keep has been treating him like Technoblade, everyone in the keep *thinks* he's Technoblade but he *isn't*.

Tommy nearly smacks himself for his madness.

What are the odds of someone who looks *exactly* like Technoblade just *happening* to march up to the keep and welcomed in, and no one realizing it? Not only is that *extremely unlikely*, there's the matter of the *actual* Technoblade, who Tommy is pretty sure no man or army could actually kill, and how *furious* he would be when he came and found out about the deception.

The King would also notice, so would Wilbur --

Unless the King isn't the King.

Unless Wilbur isn't Wilbur.

Tommy's heart skips a beat.

But no, no.

If a Technoblade lookalike is extremely unlikely, then *three men*, who all happen to look *exactly* like the King and the two elder princes, all coming to the keep at the same time, all while the *actual* King and princes are mysteriously missing without anyone noticing.

It's impossible.

The only way--the *only* way something like that could happen is if it were--

Is if it were done with *magic*.

Tommy shudders at the very thought.

Magic is--magic is an *affront* to the Merciful Lady Prime, a direct violation of her order. It is only done by demons and other twisted creatures of the evil.

Creatures that seek power.

Like the power of a King and his eldest sons.

But no. Demons and their ilk, they can't come *here*. There are too many holy symbols, too many holy men.

Tommy has known, has *hoped* that he will one day be sent to one of Lady Prime's monasteries, to finally escape his family. He has studied Her word, Her priests. He has even studied Her enemies.

Demons, *magic*, can't come to a place like this.

Surely.

Tommy lifts his head and stares into Henry's sleepy eyes.

"But what if it *could*?" he whispers.

Henry only blinks at him and washes her paw.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

Bonus chapter! Thanks everyone for getting me to 7k followers on here. I have the power to send so many emails now like this one

## Chapter Notes

Bonus chapter as a thank-you prize for the follows.

...tho ur ending on a cliffhanger so like, maybe not that great of a prize? it's getting resolved tomorrow morning tho so you won't be waiting that long

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He has to move fast. As soon as the demons know he's onto them, they'll get rid of him. Their ruse is too good, they can't risk anyone questioning them, certainly not Tommy. He is the third born, yes, but he's still a *prince*.

Thankfully, Tommy is good at moving unseen through the palace. He takes the servant's corridors, takes secret passages and slips through shadows until he's back to his rooms. He packs a bag as quickly as he can. They way he's always dreamed of doing.

A spare change of clothes, a pouch of coins, all carefully wrapped in scraps of cloth so they don't jingle against each other, a dagger that he'd dared to steal from Technoblade himself. He throws a cloak over his shoulders the hood pulled up over his head.

He takes the Book of Prime, and a sprig of holy oak for protection. He desperately hopes that they'll be enough, but the demons have already overcome so many holy symbols, it may not be.

He pauses just before he leaves his room, is there anything he's forgetting?

No.

This will have to do. He needs to move. The great temple isn't far, but with demons hunting him, it may be *too* far. Every second he is holding still, he's giving them the chance to catch him.

He needs to move.

He slips back into the shadows, into the servant's corridors, down secret passageways, until at last he reaches the gatehouse. The guards don't seem to be at attention. They haven't been warned to be on the lookout for him, then.

Good.

Tommy takes a deep breath. There's no sneaking out of the keep, he's tried a hundred times, failed a hundred times.

But the King hasn't been himself, as of late, and everyone knows it.

He takes a deep breath, lifts his chin and throws his shoulders back, walking like the prince he is. The guards straighten into attention. "Your highness?"

"I'm going for a walk," Tommy says, doing his best to mimic the imperiousness of the King and his elder brothers. "Open the gates, let me through."

The guards exchange a glance. "My prince..." he hedges. "The King has said you are not to leave the grounds."

Tommy's heart skips a beat, but he forces his hands to be still, forces his voice to be steady. "I have asked his permission. I wish to visit the Temple of Prime, he has granted his leave."

The guards exchange another glance. "Perhaps we should ask his Majesty..."

"Do you want to bother him with this?!" Tommy demands, mimicking the curl of Wilbur's most devastating sneer. "Be my guest, but it'll be *your* head."

The guards hesitate.

Tommy doesn't let himself waver.

He would, usually, but this is--this is bigger than him. This is the whole of the city, the whole of the *Kingdom* at risk. He will not let the demons win.

He may be the worst prince, but he is still a prince. It is his duty to watch over his people.

The guards open the gate.

Tommy nearly breaks character, nearly laughs in disbelief, nearly collapses in relief. He forces himself to keep it up though, forces himself to nod at the guards and walk, for the first time in his life, out of the palace grounds.

That's the hard part.

At least he hopes so.

\*\*\*

As it turns out, the *true* hard part is finding the Temple itself. From the palace, it looked like a simple path. A few turns, and then he was there.

From the ground, it's a lot different. He's definitely taken too many corners, he can't see the temple over the buildings around him. He's clutching his cloak tight around himself, anxiously peering around every corner in case the Temple is behind one of them.

Thus far, it hasn't been.

It's getting late, there's hardly anyone out on the street, the sun is low, and Tommy is suddenly aware that if he doesn't find the Temple soon, he may be out here, alone, at night.

Oh he's such a fool.

He's such a *fucking fool*, thinking he could do this, thinking he could do *anything*. He's even *more* of a fool for thinking that his family acting as they have was anything but evil. He was so stupidly *hopeful*, a little idiot, led happily dancing to his doom. To the doom of all his people.

A sob hitches his breath.

Not just a fool, but a weakling as well. A coward. His brothers were right, with every insult and curse they spit at him. They'd been--they've probably been *dead* or worse, trapped in their minds with the demon, watching him act the fool.

He really is a curse on their house. A curse on their kingdom.

He sniffles, sobbing again, louder, because he can't even be *quiet* in his ineptitude.

"Hey," a voice comes from the shadows.

Tommy yelps and flinches away, frantically scrubbing at his eyes. There's a small shadow, tucked up next to the wall.

"You alright kid?" the voice asks.

"I--I am. Sir. Thank you for asking," The King--the *real* King would have beaten Tommy soundly for such an undignified display. Here he is, a prince of the Kingdom, crying like a babe in the street.

The voice snorts. "Convincing. Are you lost or somethin'?"

The real King would never have admitted weakness, admitted defeat, but Tommy isn't the King. He's just the disgraced prince.

"Yes," he admits in a whisper.

"Where are you trying to go? Home or something?"

Tommy shakes his head. “The Temple, please, I need to get to the Temple!” He can’t help but take a step closer to the shadow. “Please, it’s an *emergency!*”

“Oh shit,” the voice says. “Someone dying? I know a priest, sleeps in the old tavern, probably retired, but if someone needs their last rites--”

“No,” Tommy shakes his head. “Not dying, they’re--it’s--I just *need* to get to the Temple. I need the High Priestess. *Please*. I’ll pay you, I have money, I just--”

“Relax!” the voice says. And finally the figure steps fully out of the shadows. It’s another boy, roughly Tommy’s age, with dark brown hair, falling into his eyes, Tommy isn’t even sure how he can see through it.

“We can get you there, come on,” the boy says.

“We?”

A shuffle from deeper in the shadows, and a long, lanky shape appears behind the boy. Tommy’s heart skips a beat, for a moment, for a split second, the shadow almost looks like Wilbur, long and lean, but then the darkness falls away from the face.

It’s definitely not Wilbur. Tommy gapes at the boy who stands before him. He has *witch eyes*, one green as grass, and the other red as *blood*.

Tommy backs away. “A--a witch--” he rasps.

“Shut up,” the short boy snaps. “Don’t fucking call him that, or we won’t help you at all.”

Tommy’s mouth snaps shut.

“Tubbo,” the witch whispers, “I *am* a witch though.”

“Shut up, Boo. He doesn’t need to say it like *that*.”

Tommy shuffles away, watching the witch warily. Surely a witch would side with demons, maybe he’s even the one who *summoned* the demons. Oh Prime, they’re gonna kill him.

“If it helps,” the witch says, “I’m really bad at magic?” he scratches awkwardly at the back of his neck. “Like really bad.”

“He can’t even light a candle,” the short boy says, Tubbo, Tommy thinks the witch called him. “And he doesn’t do the whole ‘blood sacrifices before the full moon’ thing either. We can get you to the temple, you said it was an emergency, right?”

Tommy’s eyes flick between them, and back behind himself, where the palace lies in wait, somewhere. Where the demons are probably mustering their forces to find him, to silence him.

“Nobody else is gonna be out at this hour,” Tubbo says, “Just us. And if there *were* anyone else they’d probably cut your throat, instead of helping.”

Tommy raises a hand to his throat. "Very well," he whispers.

"Great!" Tubbo beams. "Let's go!"

He grabs Tommy by the arm and starts tugging him down the street. Tommy stumbles after him, trying to keep an eye on the witch, who is trailing behind them.

"So what's your name?" Tubbo asks.

Oh.

Tommy definitely can't tell a *witch* his real name. "Um. Theseus."

"Wow, sounds really fake!" Tubbo chirps, not slowing down. "That's fine though. What's the emergency?"

"Huh?"

"The emergency." Tubbo insists. "What's got a dumb noble kid crying in the street half a city away from the palace where you belong."

Tommy flinches at the harsh words, but Tubbo doesn't...seem to mean them in the way Tommy's brothers would have if they'd called him dumb. "I--um. Can't tell you."

His eyes flick to the witch again.

Tubbo stops, right in the middle of the street. Tommy nearly runs right into him.

"If you don't tell us, we won't take you," Tubbo says.

"Tubbo--" the witch pipes up.

"Nope! I'm not helping some noble brat, no matter how much he pays me. Not unless he tells me what it's about. What if he's trying to start some kind of witch hunt, huh? What then?"

The witch doesn't seem to have any argument for that.

"So?" Tubbo says. "What's up? Nobody's dying, they send priests to you fuckers for that. Why don't you have a whole batch of guards? Or a carriage? You running away?" He sounds almost excited by that last prospect. "Gonna declare sanctuary and everything? We can hide you way better than the Temple. They'll just hand you over to whoever pays best."

"I can't tell you," Tommy insists.

Tubbo scowls at him. "Fine." he lets go of Tommy's arm and starts walking away.

"Wait!" Tommy cries, chasing after him. "You can't--"

Tubbo shoves his hand off. "I *can*."

Tommy swallows. They can, they can just walk away, the witch can probably wrap them in shadows and Tommy will never find them. Then he'll have to wander the streets himself, and someone will cut his throat, and the demons will win.

"You can tell us," the witch says, his voice oddly soft. "We won't--we're good people. We know how Nobles can be. If you need somewhere to hide, then we can hide you."

Tommy bites his lip.

Maybe--maybe after he gets rid of the demons. If his family is still...is still *in there*.

They'll be *furious* with him.

So angry that not even Prime herself would be able to protect Tommy. And if what they're saying is true, if the Temple will just hand him over...

They wouldn't, not to *demons*, but to the King?

Tubbo puts his hand on Tommy's shoulder. "Seriously. We can help." he looks around, as if searching for evesdroppers. He leans in close. "We're with the rebellion."

"Tubbo--" the witch gasps, "you can't just tell him that! Sam will--" he slaps a hand over his mouth. "You didn't hear that."

"Rebellion?" Tommy didn't know there *was* a rebellion. "Against--" It can't be against the true King. He's--He's the *King*! But what if-- He clutches Tubbo's shoulders. "Do you *know* they're demons?"

He can't see Tubbo's eyes through the fringe of his hair, but he can hear the sharp cry. "*Demons?!?*"

"Shh!" Tommy lunges forward and slaps his hand over Tubbo's mouth.

Tubbo shoves his hand away. "*Demons!* There's fucking *demons* in the Court?!"

"Shut up!" Tommy hisses.

"We should get S--uh. The Warden," the witch mutters nervously.

"No!" Tommy snaps. "I have to go to the Temple!"

Tubbo is silent.

"If you don't take me there I'll scream," Tommy threatens impulsively.

Tubbo growls, but it's nowhere near as intimidating as Technoblade.

"Fine."

Thank Prime.



Tommy breathes a sigh of relief.

And then the bells of the palace start tolling.

“We have to go,” Tubbo cries, grabbing Tommy by the arm and dragging him forward. Tommy runs after him, hardly even caring that the witch is behind them. The palace is on alert, it won’t be long until the streets are flooded with guards.

\*\*\*

It isn’t long at all, Tubbo and the witch--Ranboo--pull Tommy through shadowed alleys, they hide in disrepaired buildings, clutching each other in the darkness until the marching feet go past.

“Fuck,” Tubbo whispers, as a guard even peers into the building they’re hiding in. Thankfully, they’re up in the rafters, or they’d have been spotted. “They really *are* demons, why else would they do all this.”

Tommy shivers.

There really is no doubt now.

The King, the *true* King, wouldn’t have put this much effort into finding him, he’s sure.

They stay huddled together in the dark until the guard leaves. Slowly, they climb down to the ground.

“We’re only a few streets away from the temple,” Tubbo whispers. “If we move quick, Ranboo and I know a secret way in. We just have to hope that the priestesses don’t sell us out.”

They take off again, moving swift and silent.

But not swiftly enough.

Not silently enough.

“Stop,” Technoblade’s voice-- *the demon*-- commands as they approach the back gate of the Temple yard.

As one, they freeze.

“*Fuck*,” Ranboo breathes. “That’s fucking Technoblade.”

Tubbo *snarls*, shoving Tommy behind him. “Blade.”

For a heartbeat, Technoblade--the demon--is silent, and then. “It’s *you*.” The demon’s voice is a hoarse whisper, almost--almost horrified.

“Yeah,” Tubbo snarls. “It’s *me*. Did you think I’d die out there, you sick fuck? Well I didn’t! I survived!”

Survived?

Tubbo and Technoblade--Tubbo and the demon?--have met before?

Tubbo shoves his bangs out of his eyes.

Out of his eye.

Tommy gasps, horrified. Tubbo’s right eye is fine, but the left--

Lady Prime have mercy, the *left*.

It’s a twisted, burnt *crater*. Like someone had taken a burning brand and shoved it into the eye.

Someone Tommy has a sinking certainty he knows the identity of.

Technoblade. The real Technoblade.

“Kid--” the demon says, but Tubbo interrupts him with a wordless sound of rage.

“Say my name!” he cries. “I am Tubbo Witch-eyed, and you--you, Prince Technoblade, I will kill you!”

*Witch-eyed*.

“Tommy,” the demon says, turning to him. “Get away from them. Please, *please* get away from them. Come here.”

Tommy shuffles a step back.

“...Tommy?” Ranboo whispers. “Tommy? The *prince*, Tommy?!”

Tommy’s heart lodges in his throat, strangling any words he might have said.

Tubbo turns to him, his good eye burning with hate. “You’re the fucking *prince?!?*”

“I--”

“Leave him be,” the demon snarls. “Get away from him--!”

Tubbo’s hand locks around Tommy’s wrist. “You lied to us! You--you’re fucking one of *them!*”

“No I--” Tommy can’t breathe.

“Let him go!” the demon snarls.

Tubbo kicks Tommy's knee, and he crashes to the ground. A hand grips his hair, pulling his head back.

A knife touches his throat.

The world seems to freeze, as though everything, everyone, were holding their breath.

"You took my family from me, Blade, why shouldn't I take yours?" Tubbo snarls.

"It's not--" Tommy wheezes, but Tubbo jerks his hair.

Something hits the ground, something large.

Technoblade--the demon--is kneeling before them. "Let him go," he says, his voice low, controlled, but Tommy can hear the *fear* in his tone.

It doesn't--it doesn't make sense.

"Don't hurt him, please, *please*."

Tubbo shuffles uncertainly. The blade brushes Tommy's throat, he gasps sharply. "What are you doing?" Tubbo asks. "What the fuck is this? You're--you can't trick me!"

The demon's face is far too pale, his eyes too wide. He looks devastated, *terrified*.

Tommy doesn't understand.

Why?

Why would he care?

"Tubbo--" Ranboo hisses. "You can't--he'll--the *King*--"

Tubbo snarls.

Pounding feet approach from behind.

"Techno?" the King--the demon controlling the King--says.

"Stay back!" the demon in Techno snaps. "Don't--don't spook them."

Tubbo is pulling Tommy's hair, Tommy can feel hunks of it snapping off, his scalp is on fire, the blade at his throat is pressing closer and closer and--

"Tommy!" Wilbur's voice cries.

"Let him go," the King commands, his tone is ice cold. It's a tone Tommy has heard all his life. He flinches.

A prick of pain, he gasps, he can feel something hot and wet sliding down his throat. A drop of blood.

Oh Prime.

“Back off!” Tubbo snarls. “Or I’ll cut his throat. If I’m going down, I’m taking him with me.”

“Tubbo!” Ranboo cries.

“They kill us either way,” Tubbo growls.

Tommy squeezes his eyes shut. A tiny whimper escapes him.

“We’ll spare you,” the demon in the King says. “I swear it. We can all walk away. Just let him go.”

*“Liar!”*

“I’m not lying. Let him go and you won’t be harmed. I swear on everything, on every god, no harm will come to you if you do none to him.” The King takes a deep breath. “But equally I swear this: If you hurt him,” the King’s voice is icy, *deadly*, “I will kill you, here and now. There will be no mercy, there will be no escape.”

Tommy’s breath comes in tiny, desperate gasps. He opens his eyes, too afraid of the dark to keep them closed.

His gaze falls on Techno--on the demon in Techno.

It looks so *afraid*.

Why?

Why does it care what happens to Tommy?

It doesn’t make sense.

“Tubbo we need to go,” Ranboo says lowly. “Please.”

Tubbo’s grip tightens on Tommy’s hair.

*“Please,”* Ranboo whispers. “Think of Micheal.”

The knife disappears from Tommy’s throat.

He drops to the ground, coughing and choking, a hand to his throat. Oh Prime. *Oh Prime.*

Fire flares at his back. He cries out, tumbling forward as it *burns*, it’s not hot, he realizes somewhere far away. It *freezes*.

“Tommy!” Technoblade’s voice cries. And then there are arms around him, he’s pulled into a broad chest, a hand is pressing his face into a shoulder, someone is rocking him gently back and forth.

Tommy gasps, trying to understand--what happened? Where is Tubbo? Ranboo? Who is holding him? They're speaking, their voice reverberating under his ear.

He can't understand the words.

He doesn't--

He can't stop the black that overwhelms his vision.

## Chapter End Notes

Everyone in the comments saying that Tommy's one-on-one time with Tommy was gonna go poorly: uuuuh yeah :D it did  
'grats on being right lmao

DON'T get attached to Beeduo here, this is all they're here for. I'll do a quick summary of Their Deal here but don't fill up the comments asking about them pls, they're bit players and their bit is already played.

They can both do magic, Tubbo *\*was\** witch-eyed but uh. Yeah OGTechno. He can still do magic, and while Ranboo is shit at it, Tubbo most certainly *\*isn't\** I'll talk a bit more about them when I tell u about the OG timeline in the last chapter because rn it's spoilers.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading everyone! I hope you've enjoyed!

He wakes in a bed, it's faintly familiar, soft, dark. He turns his head. There's someone sitting there, beside him. Tommy makes a questioning noise in the back of his throat.

The King raises his head.

Tommy blinks. He's--there's something wrong with that, but he can't think of what.

"Hey," the King murmurs softly, "you're awake."

Tommy nods, furrowing his brow. The King reaches for him, and Tommy feels like he should shy away, but he can't quite make himself do it. The King's hand cups his cheek, thumb gently stroking under his eye.

"How are you feeling?"

Tommy makes a vague noise.

The King nods sympathetically. "You're probably pretty fuzzy, huh? The healers gave you some stuff to keep you calm, keep you from having bad dreams."

Oh.

That was nice of them.

Tommy thinks he was having a bad dream. His family were demons, there was a boy with a missing eye--

Yeah.

Terrible dream, all in all. He's glad he's awake now.

"Do you want some water?" the King asks.

Tommy thinks about it. Is he thirsty? Yeah, he must be.

He nods.

"Okay."

There's another one of those strange words they keep using. The King gently turns his head and presses a glass to his lips. Tommy sips until he doesn't want to anymore and turns his head away.

"There you go," the King murmurs. He strokes Tommy's hair.

Tommy winces. That hurt. Why did that hurt?

"Oh I'm sorry sweetheart," the King says, "I didn't think."

Tommy hums. His throat hurts too.

"Your brothers will be so glad you woke up, they've been worried about you. We all three have."

Oh, well that's nice of them. Tommy didn't think his brothers liked him. Or no, they used to not like him. They've been so nice lately.

"Tommy?" the King nudges his cheek slightly.

Tommy hums.

The King presses their foreheads together. "Promise me you'll never do that again," he whispers. "Never run away again, okay?"

He ran away?

He thought that was the dream.

"Promise me," the King insists.

"Pr'mis." Tommy mutters.

The King presses a kiss to his brow. "Good. Now go back to sleep. You need your rest."

Tommy has no problem with obeying.

\*\*\*

He wakes up again...later. His head is clearer, it doesn't feel like it's stuffed with cotton, at least. He's in the King's bed, again. He furrows his brow. Why?

He has a bed, they have a healing wing.

He definitely feels like he should *be* in the healing wing. His head hurts, not a headache, but in his scalp. Like that time Technoblade had dragged him off a horse by his hair. His back hurts too, the skin feels oddly tight, stiff.

What happened?

His heart skips a beat. Did they finally get tired of the game? Is it all going back to normal now?

A pit opens up in his chest at the thought.

He knew better, he *knows* better. He shouldn't have gotten used to it. It was always going to end but--but--

He doesn't want it to.

Prime he doesn't want it to.

He doesn't want to go back to hiding, he doesn't want to go back to Wilbur and Technoblade's cruelty, to the King's icy indifference. He wants--he wants the warmth, the *kindness*.

He sits up slowly, wincing as his skin pulls uncomfortably. He reaches a hand back, but it touches bandages underneath his shirt.

Prime, what *happened*?

If Wilbur and Technoblade have gone back to normal, why is he in the King's room? He blinks confusedly.

The door opens and Wilbur enters.

*Shit.*

Tommy stifles a gasp, but not quickly enough. Wilbur's eyes snap to his. "Tommy! Oh thank the gods."

*Gods?*

Wilbur rushes to his side.

*The demon pretending to be Wilbur* rushes to his side.

Tommy scrambles away, the blankets are tangled around him, but he doesn't care, he needs to get *away*. Wilbur--the *demon* stops at the edge of the bed, looking confused and upset. "Toms?"

"Get away from me," Tommy rasps. It still hurts his throat to speak. He raises a hand to it and finds bandages there, just as on his back.

Had the demons--?!

No, it was Tubbo. Tubbo who held a knife to his throat, and the demons had--had begged for his life. Had threatened Tubbo.

Over him.



It doesn't make sense but Tommy can't dwell on it now. The demon is before him, reaching out.

"It's just me," it says, "everything's alright. You're safe." The demon who isn't Tommy's brother reaches out a gentle hand and Tommy *aches* to take it. To feel the strange new callouses on his brother's fingers, the even stranger gentleness of his touch.

*"Our Great Lady,"* Tommy mumbles frantically, his oak sprig is gone, but maybe-- *hopefully*-- the Prayer to Prime will do something. Drive back the demon. Reveal its true nature. *"Blessed are we who are your children."*

"Tommy?" The demon who isn't Tommy's brother asks. "What are you doing?"

*"May your merciful hand stretch over us--"* His throat hurts. Tommy coughs.

"Drink some water," the demon insists. "Just--calm down, come on. It's just *me*, Toms."

"It's *not!*" Tommy cries.

The demon's brow furrows.

Tommy scoots further away, to the far edge of the bed. He stretches one foot down to the floor.

"Tommy stay in bed, you need to rest. Just calm down. What do you mean I'm not? What am I not, Toms?"

Tommy presses his back to the wall. It hurts, but he doesn't care. "You're not my brother," he rasps.

The tiny, *tiny* part of himself that hoped, that desperately hoped, that it wasn't true dies. Wilbur's face says it all.

"Tommy," the demon says, "Of course I'm your brother."

It's a pathetic attempt.

*"Our Great Lady,"* Tommy mumbles again, *"blessed are we who are your children. May your merciful hand stretch over us, may your generous wisdom teach us--"*

The door opens.

The demon wearing the King steps in. He freezes. "Will? Tommy?"

"Dad--" the demon in Wilbur says. "He's--"

"Toms, let's get back in bed, hey?" the demon in the King says, "you shouldn't be out of bed."

"Get away from me," Tommy hisses.

The King looks just as distraught and confused as Wilbur did. As though they thought they could get away with this forever. Tommy trembles.

The demon in Wilbur leans close to the King and whispers something in his ear. The King's eyes widen with realization, and then resignation.

Oh Prime.

They're gonna kill him.

"Tommy," the demon in the King says. "We're not going to hurt you." He takes a step closer.

Tommy flinches away, a cowardly whimper escaping him. "Get away! Get away from me! Help! Help me!"

He has no hope of anyone answering him.

"Tommy--" the demon tries to interrupt. "Breathe, just--"

Tommy drops to his knees, and like a child, crawls under the bed.

The demon in the King drops to his knees, peering under the bed, his face soft in a way the true King's would never be. "Tommy," he says, his voice gentle, coaxing. "Come out from under there, please."

Tommy shakes his head. "Get away from me. You're not my father! *You're not my father!*"

The demon sighs. "Tommy--I--let us talk this out, okay?"

"No! I don't want to talk to you!" He starts reciting the Blessings of Prime again.

"Wilbur," the demon in the King says, stealing Tommy's brother's name, as if it were *his*. "Go get your brother, please."

Tommy's prayer chokes to a halt.

What are they going to do? Technoblade is strong, fast, definitely strong and fast enough to catch Tommy. Oh Prime.

"We're just gonna talk," the demon in the King says. "That's all. I guess it's time we explain things to you."

"Dad--" the other demon protests.

"It was never going to last forever, Will. We were going to have to tell him eventually. What else can we do? Just let him be terrified?"

The demon in Wilbur sighs. "I'll be back."

The door shuts behind it with terrible finality.

“We really aren’t going to hurt you,” the demon says with the voice of Tommy’s father. “I swear.”

“Liar,” Tommy hisses. “*Demon.*”

“Demon?” the demon asks, as if surprised Tommy could identify it. “We’re not demons, mate. We--” he sighs. “It’s hard to explain.”

“You’re not my father,” Tommy says, for lack of anything better. “They’re not my brothers.”

“No,” the demon agrees. “We’re not.”

“Are they in there?” Tommy can’t help but ask. “Are you making them watch this?”

The demon is silent for a long moment.

“Answer me!” Tommy snaps, far too boldly. He flinches deeper under the bed.

“No,” the demon says quietly. “They’re...we’re pretty sure they’re gone.”

Oh.

They’re--they’re gone.

They--

“They’re not coming back, are they.”

“We don’t think so, no,” the demon agrees. “For what it’s worth, I’m sorry. Even if they were...terrible, they were still your family.”

They were still his family.

They’re--

They’re gone.

They’re gone and Tommy *didn’t even know*.

They’ve been gone for *weeks*, for--for--he doesn’t even know. Too long. Months. His family has been dead for months and he didn’t *realize*.

A sob shakes him.

“I’m sorry,” the demon says again. It almost sounds like it means it.

Tommy knows it doesn’t.

“No you’re not. You--you killed them. You’re *demons* and--” His breath hitches, he sobs again, his throat hurts, his back hurts, his head hurts, his family is *gone*, and there are demons all around him and--

“Shh, shh,” the demon croons, “I know, I know mate. I’m sorry. I really am. We didn’t mean for this to happen.”

Tommy sobs and turns away.

“Here,” the demon says, it shoves a blanket under the bed.

Tommy doesn’t take it. He curls into a ball, ignoring the way it pulls at the tight skin on his back.

“Please, Toms,” the demon says. “It’s only a blanket. I don’t like you down there, you’re supposed to be resting.”

“Stop pretending you care!” Tommy cries. “You aren’t my father! You’re--”

“I’m not pretending, sweetheart,” the demon lies. “I do care about you. You--” it sighs. “You may not be my son by blood but haven’t I taken good care of you since this whole thing started? I wasn’t faking that. I love you.”

Tommy has never heard his father say that. Not truly.

He never will, now.

His father is dead.

Tommy wails and clutches the blanket to his chest.

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Eventually, the other demons come back. They enter quietly, but Tommy still knows they’re there. They whisper to the demon in the King, no doubt going over their strategies.

Tommy doesn’t know what to do.

His brother’s are dead, just like his father.

His whole family is *gone*.

But they’re still here, in the worst way. Haunting him, like vengeful spirits.

“Tommy?” the demon in the King says. “Do you want to come out from under there?”

Tommy doesn’t answer.

“Wilbur and Techno brought some tea,” the demon coaxes. “It’ll be good for your throat.”

“What are their names,” Tommy finds himself suddenly wondering.

“What?”

“What are your *real* names?” Tommy demands.

“...Those are our real names,” the demon in Wilbur says.

“Stop *lying!*”

“He’s not,” the demon in Technoblade says. It comes closer, kneeling down beside the King and peering at Tommy through his brother’s eyes. “Those are our names. If you come out, we can explain.”

Tommy doesn’t move.

The demon sighs. “You think we’re demons, right?”

Tommy glares at it.

“Our Great Lady,” the demon begins impossibly. “blessed are we who are your children. May your merciful hand stretch over us, may your generous wisdom teach us. Uhh. I don’t remember the rest, but. A demon couldn’t do that, right?”

Tommy gapes at it.

“...so you wanna come out from under the bed now? Since we’re not demons?”

Tommy scowls.

The demon--the maybe not a demon--sighs. “I know this is probably...really strange, but we’re not gonna hurt you.”

“You killed my family,” Tommy whispers hoarsely.

The creature winces at that. “If it helps we didn’t mean to. We didn’t--this wasn’t some *plan*, it just *happened*. We’re not even sure *how* it happened.”

“How do you *accidentally--?!?*” Tommy doesn’t even know what to call what they’ve done.

The creature looks to the others for support.

“We...think we died,” the King says. Not the King. The creature pretending to be him. “We don’t remember much but there was--there probably wasn’t any surviving it. Then we just...woke up here.”

“This is insane,” Tommy mutters, “I’ve gone insane.”

“That’s how we felt, too,” The creature in Wilbur says.

“Can you please come out from under the bed?” the King-creature says. “My back isn’t up for this sort of thing.”

“Ha, old,” the Wilbur-creature mocks.

“Brat.”

Tommy doesn't want to come out from under the bed. He knows he isn't actually safe here, they could reach under and grab him at any moment, the only reason they haven't is--is--

Tommy doesn't know.

Perhaps they just don't want to. Perhaps they want the satisfaction of him willingly submitting to his doom. Perhaps they just don't want to hurt him, as they seemingly haven't for these past months.

It's all too much. Tommy doesn't know how to deal with his family being dead, with this sudden kindness from the hands of strange creatures who may also be dead.

"Please, Tommy," the Technoblade-creature says. "We would never hurt you."

It's all too easy to believe him. They've had so many chances to hurt him, nobody would have batted an eye at them doing so.

There is only so much undignified hiding Tommy can do.

He scoots back, he's not foolish enough to crawl out from under the bed right in front of them. He stands, and for a moment he is treated to the image of all three of them kneeling on the ground, utterly foolish in a way Tommy's true family never would be.

The King-creature looks up at him with a smile filled with kindness.

In the way Tommy's true father never would.

Tommy wraps his arms around himself.

"I have questions," he forces himself to say.

"We're happy to answer them," the King-creature says. "Come sit down."

Tommy takes a deep breath and does.

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"We're from a place that's...very different from this one," the King-creature says. "It's very far away."

"And there are other creatures there," Tommy says, wrapping his arms around his knees. "Like you."

The King-creature looks at him blankly for a moment. "We're not *creatures*, mate, we're just people."

Tommy narrows his eyes. "Then how are you doing this? Possessing my family. Like demons."

“We’re not,” the Techno-creature says. “These are *our* bodies, kid.” he leans forward, rolling up his sleeve and offering his bare arm towards Tommy. There’s a scar on it, a burn with unnaturally smooth edges. “I got this as a kid, messing around in the kitchen. You can see the label of the pan.”

It’s true. When the creature points, Tommy can make out letters on its arm. It’s unlike anything he’s seen, too perfect, too even. No craftsman could do that.

Tommy’s brother didn’t have a wound like that.

“Whatever brought us here, it changed everyone’s memories. Your family--they didn’t even share our names. They didn’t look anything like us.”

And once he says it, Tommy *remembers*. Barely, faintly, his brother had blue eyes, like him, not red, like Technoblade. He can’t--he can’t remember his brother’s name. Did it start with an R? It seems right, but he doesn’t *know*.

His breath is coming faster.

His family is dead. They’ve been dead and gone for *months* and Tommy didn’t realize. Now he can’t even remember their names, their *faces*.

“I’m sorry,” Technoblade says.

That’s such an odd name, now that Tommy thinks of it. Foreign.

Not the name of his brother.

Tommy wishes that it would just *stop*. All the revelations, all the truths he isn’t ready to face.

“If it helps, I remember their names, and kind of what they looked like,” Technoblade offers.

Tommy can’t deal with that right now. With having a *stranger* tell him about his *family*.

“How--how do you know?” that’s an easier question, surely.

Technoblade grimaces. “Where we’re from there are...people who can see things, things in the future, or the past, or far away. Sometimes it’s obvious what they’re looking at, but other times they think it’s just a dream. And one of those people wrote their dream down as a story and I read it.”

“How did it end?” Tommy breathes, he suddenly desperately needs to know. What was his fate. “Did they ever--was I ever--was I ever good enough?”

Their faces give him the answer. Technoblade looks sick, Wilbur and the King look devastated.

“You have *always* been good enough, Tommy,” the King says fiercely. “They were the ones in the wrong. You’re an amazing s--kid.”

Tommy shies from the thought that the King--the stranger--was about to call him a good *son*.

“Did I--what monastery did he send me to?”

“Don’t--don’t torment yourself with that, kid,” Techno says, his voice shaky. Too shaky. “It’s not gonna happen. Nothing is the way it was.”

A curl of dread takes root in Tommy’s heart. “What happened to me?”

“Tommy--” the King says. “Just--let’s talk about something else.”

“I died.”

Technoblade is unnaturally pale, his hands curled into fists on the arms of his chair.

“What happened?” Tommy demands.

No one answers him.

“What happened?! I--I have a right to know!”

Technoblade won’t meet his eye.

“You--” Wilbur begins shakily. “You meet Tubbo and Ranboo, like last night. I mean, some stuff is different, obviously, but you met them.”

“They killed me?” Tommy asks. He should have known, a pair of witches--

Wilbur is shaking his head.

“The rebellion--”

“Wilbur *don’t*, ” Technoblade grits out.

“I want to know!”

“Tommy--”

“You sided with the rebellion,” Wilbur says over the King’s protest. “You gave them information or something. Techno is the one who read the story but--your family found out.”

Tommy’s heart skips a beat.

His father--

Loyalty was *everything*. Loyalty and the Kingdom.

“Which one?” he rasps. “Which one killed me?”

The King and Wilbur both look to Technoblade.



“The dogs,” Tommy says hollowly, “it was the dogs wasn’t it? He always said he would, one day I--”

He’s going to throw up.

He lunges for something to do it into. He doesn’t make it. He goes to his hands and knees on the carpet. His brother--the *dogs*.

He’s always been terrified of those fucking dogs.

Raiden.

That was his brother’s name.

The one who killed him. Raiden and his dogs. Tommy shudders, shivers, he’s shaking all over, as though he were caught in a snowstorm.

Arms wrap around him, and for a split second he is *afraid*, but then he recognizes the King’s gentle voice in his ear. The steady beat of his heart under Tommy’s ear.

“That will *never* happen,” he promises, holding Tommy close. “Never. *Never*. ”

Tommy sobs.

Suddenly, he’s glad that he can’t remember them. He doesn’t want to ever *think* of them again.

“You’re ours now,” the King murmurs. “You’re family. None of us--this wasn’t what any of us expected, but we love you, Tommy. We’ll always protect you.”

This isn’t his father, and Tommy is dearly glad for it.

Wilbur and Technoblade wrap around him as well, cocooning him in warmth and love.

“We’ll figure this out,” the King promises. “Together, okay?”

They aren’t his family, not by blood, but they are a better family than blood ever gave him.

## End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

Things that will get your comment deleted:

1) Pointing out typos and grammar shit. I do not care, I've got dyslexia, I get all the stuff out that I can, just live with it.

2) Talking about how you don't like the content of a fic. You are free and welcome to use the back button if you don't like the fic, I encourage it, but I don't want to hear about how you dislike it. I wrote this for me, you guys get to read it because I'm nice. These are comments, not reviews.

3) Asking me to write other stuff. I have never taken requests and I likely won't ever do so. I write what I want to. Included in this is asking for more of a fic, that's not motivating, its just annoying.

3.1) This includes stuff like "oh here's an idea/theory I had about this thing" I know you may not intend the comment that way, but it reads to me like "you should write this"

4) Comments about rape or suicide. I really shouldn't have to say this, but here we are. Unless there is suicide in the themes of a fic, I don't want to hear it, and I never want to hear about rape. Ever. Or sexual content in general, thanks. Nothing I ever write is intended to be read as sexual, everything is strictly platonic.

5) No trauma dumping. I am not your therapist, I am a stranger on the internet I do not need or want to know the stuff you have going on

6) No yelling at the characters. They are characters. they cannot hear you. Angry comments even if they aren't directed at me are no fun and I don't like them.

You can find me on tumblr at technobladesbasement

If you're inspired to create anything based on my fics, art, writing, interperative dance you have full permission to do it. Inspiring other people to do stuff is my favorite thing, ***just give me credit***

I love comments but I am shit at replying to them because I have so much anxiety. So much. but I love all comments regardless and I thank everyone who leaves me one, they brighten my day

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!